

have shaped my life, ideas that have shaped what I believe, and people that have made me into the person that I am today. I will begin on December 17th, 1997, my 17th birthday:

"Dr. Johnson. . . . Dr. Johnson. . . ." As I wearily walked down the artificially lit corridor, I realized someone was paging my father's doctor. I turned and ran towards the intensive care unit that I had left only a few minutes ago, towards my terrified mother and toward my father's labored breathing. The sterilized odor of Harrison Memorial Hospital overwhelmed me as I raced through a maze of white walls to confront his death.

After bolting through heavy metal doors, I saw doctors and nurses rushing frantically around the room. I could only hear one sound. It filled the air, was audible above all the commotion, and drowned out the heavy pounding of my heart. The monotonous beep of the monitor meant "Pappy" was gone forever.

While sitting next to him, a body drained of the warmth and energy I had always known, I focused at the crimson drops that stained the yellow linoleum floor and the crisp white sheets; slowly remembering what a terrible ordeal the past six weeks of hospitalization had been. My life had changed forever since the day I sped through traffic, with my Dad shivering in the back seat next to my worried mother. I was scared to death without even knowing that the killer was Leukemia.

Although the chemotherapy proceeded well, it also gradually wore my father away. The first side effects were a loss of appetite, accompanied by nausea and vomiting. His hair fell out next, and I could tell my father's courage was beginning to waver. A look of pain and anguish had replaced his usual smile, and with each passing day, he looked more like my grandfather. It all seemed like a bad dream, both frightful and surreal.

While packing his belongings, hours after he had passed away, I found a note intended for me. It was in Father's handwriting; blurry scribbles because the medicine made his hands shake. I sat down and cried because it said in Spanish, "ya es tiempo de luchar," which means, "it is time to take up the struggle."

The poem he wrote to me, titled "Oda a mi Hijo," "Ode to my Son" goes like this:

Quiero cantarte una cancion,  
(I want to sing you a song)  
Desde lo mas profundo de mi alma,  
(From the deepest part of my soul)  
Brisa suave, que refresca y calma,  
(Soft breeze that refreshes and soothes)  
Tu tierra fecunda que riega mi oracion.  
(Your fertile soil that showers my prayer)  
El agua se hizo luz y dio una planta,  
(The water turned to light and created a plant)  
La tierra hecha vida, dio un rosal con un boton,

(The soil transformed into life and bore a rose in full blossom)  
Carne de dos almas hecha con amor,  
(Flesh from two souls, made with love)  
Fue la suave brisa, que refresca y canta.  
(It was the soft breeze that refreshes and sings)

Con el correr de los años, pajarito se volvio,  
(As the years passed, it transformed into a bird)

Dejar el nido quiere, hace el intento de volar,  
(Yearning to leave the nest, it attempts to fly)

La brisa, el amor, el cielo derramo,  
(The breeze, the love, the heavens overflowed)

El destino esta en tus manos, ya es tiempo de luchar.

(Destiny is in your hands, its time to take up the struggle)

I find it hard to understand Dad's absence, and that he left exactly on my seventeenth birthday. But though I miss him everyday, I am grateful for all the time we spent together and everything my father taught me. Through my family's Mexican restaurant, he showed me what Hispanic business leadership is: hard work, dedication, and most importantly, helping others and the community.

My father pointed me in the right direction, and made me believe in myself. There is good in this beautiful world, and life will always receive my best effort. Rather than cause embarrassment, my heritage will always instill pride within me, and I will succeed. I know he is proud of me.

Ultimately, by succeeding I hope to influence other Hispanics. When I look at many of my Hispanic peers, I see them giving up on school, giving up bright futures, and giving up their dreams. Their intellectual capacity has nothing to do with it, and the issue is complicated, yet they also do not have the support or the opportunities.

At this point, I would like to thank my parents for their unending love, my family for their constant encouragement, and all of my friends for their help and support. I would also like to thank Mr. Paul Torno, who worked with me even after retiring. Special thanks to Mr. David Layton . . . even though I lost my father, a great man and teacher, I am lucky to have found another great teacher, another great man. Finally, I thank my mother, an incredibly brave and strong woman. Most of all, however, I thank God all the blessings.

I and the other scholarship recipients, as well as countless other Hispanics, are yearning to fly . . . trying to fly . . . learning to fly . . .

Once again, I would like to thank the Hispanic College Fund, and its sponsors.

We want to demonstrate that anything is possible by working hard and following our dreams.

We want to see more Hispanics graduating from high school and college.

We want to have more Hispanics in business and government positions.

We want to truly thank all of you for helping us strive towards our goals.  
Thank you and good night.

March 25, 1999.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, Luis Robles has asked me to recommend him for acceptance for your scholarship. Few tasks will be as easy for me to do. I have known him as a student for two years in both honors history and honors English classes so I feel quite qualified to speak about his application.

It is impossible for me to recommend Luis without telling his story first. No other student in my 19 years of teaching has accomplished more with such adversity. An only child of immigrants from Mexico, Luis learned more than values from his parents; he learned who he was, who he could become, and what he could give back to his community. His father ran a small restaurant on our island and hired family and friends who needed work; but to keep dreams alive he insisted they go to night school and paid their tuition if they maintained a B. This pride and dignity wrapped in such strong humor are his legacy. Tragically last year his father died of Leukemia in his son's arms on his son's 17th birthday. As the only one who spoke clear English, Luis sold the restaurant, managed his mother's accounts, supported her till she finished her AA degree, and found work at the local hospital.

His commute to Bainbridge is 60-80 minutes each way. But he knew what he wanted—to be blunt we run one of the hardest programs in the state. He has aced every honors or AP course we offer. His maturity is beyond his years. He seeks out criticism and he listens and grows with suggestions. Specifically he has worked hard on his writing knowing that here his voice needs to be clear and purposeful. In both independent and group projects, Luis has had the discipline and creativity to make the connections between ideas, events, and more importantly to things in his own life. His work has shown original thought and a true conviction to understand the complications of individuals struggling to find meaningful solutions to their problems. Luis embodies the belief that this is his life, his chance to make a difference, his chance to give back far more than he takes. Make no mistake, he will take advantage of all you offer.

Luis has shared with my family the poetry his father wrote and the poems he has now written back. It is his genuineness that I wish to commend most. His 4.0 G.P.A. has been matched, the high marks on the SAT equaled, but none have his vision.

It should be obvious how strongly I feel about Luis; his heart separates him from the rest. If you have the chance to talk with him, you will understand.

Sincerely,

DAVID LAYTON,  
Faculty, Honors Program.●

#### HONORING ANNE KANTEN

● Mr. WELLSTONE. Mr. President, I speak today to say a few words about a remarkable farm leader and humanitarian, Anne Kanten.

Anne has served for 18 years on the board of directors of the Farmers Legal Action Group (F.L.A.G.), a non-profit law firm based in St. Paul, Minnesota, and dedicated to helping family farmers obtain economic and social justice. I salute Anne Kanten for her enlightened guidance to F.L.A.G. during her

years as a director and her years on the board. But far more than that, I want to take this moment to acknowledge Anne Kanten's lifetime of service to others.

Anne served as Minnesota's Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture and as Chief Administrator of the Minnesota Farm Advocate Program during the years of farm crisis in the 1980's. She was a founding member of the American Agriculture Movement who, with her husband Chuck and son Kent, helped plan and carry out the Washington, DC Tractorcade of 1979. In addition, Anne has been a long time spokesperson for stewardship of the land and its people through her various leadership roles in her church.

Her efforts to achieve justice for farm families continue to this day.

Anne Kanten grew up on an Iowa farm, the daughter of immigrants who came to our country in pursuit of a better life. By her own admission, she longed to escape the 1930's Depression of her rural childhood. After attending college and becoming a teacher, Anne became re-connected to the land when she married Chuck Kanten, a young farmer from Milan, Minnesota. Anne and Chuck Kanten represent the best of American Life. They raised a wonderful family on their farm home. They believe strongly in giving of themselves.

I consider myself honored and fortunate to count Anne Kanten as my friend. I ask the Senate today to join me in recognizing Anne Kanten for her years of service to the Farmers Legal Action Group and to farm families everywhere.●

#### DELAWARE WELL REPRESENTED AT AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

● Mr. BIDEN. Mr. President, I rise today to salute four Delaware golfers who continue to make the citizens of my State proud.

Last June, Margaret Butler, Mary Kaczorowski, Joyce Ruddick and Alice Wooldridge played in and won the American Cancer Society Golf Championship at Maple Dale Country Club in Dover, Delaware. They then advanced to the Mid-Atlantic Championship at The Homestead in Hot Springs, Virginia and won the Delaware State Title in Division 3. And on December 3rd and 4th, they will be representing Delaware and looking to continue their winning ways at the P.G.A. West in LaQuinta, California.

Having talked with members of this foursome on a few occasions, it is clear to me that these women take their golf quite seriously. Together, they embody the spirit of competition and sportsmanship and are fine examples of personal achievement and Delaware pride. But most importantly, these women realize that their participation in this event helps to raise essential funding

for cancer research and programs. Millions of Americans suffer from cancer-related illnesses, and events like these give us all hope for finding a cure.

While I acknowledge that I may be a bit biased in my viewpoint, I also know a group of champions when I see them. I, among many, believe that talent is often overrated and that character is the true determining factor for any success one has in life.

I have seen these women drive a golf ball and I can confidently say that both talent and character reign supreme for this team. It is therefore my pleasure to extend to them my deep expression of thanks for having represented Delaware so well this year and, as they prepare for their biggest challenge to date, to wish them continued success in the National tournament.

We in Delaware are very proud of these four women, and we will be rooting for them!●

#### IN HONOR OF REVEREND MONSIGNOR ANDREW P. LANDI

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, I rise to pay tribute to Reverend Monsignor Andrew P. Landi, a son of New York and internationally known humanitarian, who was taken from us this past September. He was 92.

Monsignor Landi was the retired assistant executive director and of Catholic Relief Services in New York City from 1966 to 1979. Upon of his retirement he was named assistant treasurer, a position he held until the time of his death. Monsignor devoted himself to the service of the poor and disposed throughout the world regardless of race, creed, or nationality.

Catholic Relief Services was founded in 1943 by the Catholic Bishops of the United States to alleviate suffering by removing its causes and promoting social justice beyond our borders. Their mission is to aid in the development of people by fostering charity and justice throughout the world. Monsignor Landi's devotion to this mission was ceaseless.

At a time when we are increasingly egocentric, we would do well to remember a man whose ministry to the disadvantaged was distinguished as a no other for faithful and untiring service. I wish to highlight the central role he played as a petitioner for overseas relief activities to numerous Federal agencies and Congress. He met with nearly every Pope since Pope Pius XII and counted Mother Teresa among his friends.

This champion of the downtrodden was sent to Rome in 1944 to minister to the victims of World War II. He spent the next two decades providing haven to refugees of civil strife and natural disasters. He was named the Regional Director of the Catholic Relief Services for Europe, the Middle East, and North Africa in 1962.

Monsignor Landi began his vocation as a parish priest at Our Lady of the Scapular and St. Stephen's Church in Manhattan in 1934. St. Stephens was at one time the largest Catholic parish in New York City. It is a special New York treasure as it contains several works by 19th century Italian Painter Constantino Brumidi who is best known for having done much of the artwork on display in the United States Capitol.

In 1939, Monsignor Landi became the associate director of Catholic Charities in Brooklyn, NY. As I recently noted, Catholic Charities of the Brooklyn-Queens Diocese is the largest Roman Catholic human services agency in the nation. Perhaps on earth.

One of seven children orphaned after the death of their mother in 1913, he focused his mission toward young people. His benevolence toward the troubled youth of Brooklyn was exceptional.

During Monsignor Landi's 65 years in the priesthood he received numerous honors from several governments and organizations. He was honored by our own New York State Assembly which issued a citation on the his 90th birthday in recognition his humanitarian efforts.

In closing I would like to express my deep gratitude to Monsignor Landi for his life long commitment to ending social injustice especially toward children living in poverty. His distinguished devotion to God and his fellow man is a model to us all.●

#### TRAGEDY IN ARMENIA

● Mr. TORRICELLI. Mr. President, I rise today to express my sorrow at last week's tragedy in the Armenian National Parliament. Prime Minister Sarkissian, Speaker Demirchian, and six other legislators were killed. While we may never know what motivated the gunmen to storm the building, we do know that a single act of terror was directed against individuals who were attempting to build and strengthen Armenia's democratic institutions. Armenia has made positive movement toward widespread democracy and free markets, and the leaders who lost their lives had played important roles in these reforms. As a result, this tragedy is truly a great loss for the Armenian people. For this reason, I have joined Senator ABRAHAM in introducing a resolution condemning the incident.

After months of progress on a range of issues, from the rule of law, to Nagorno-Karabakh, to fighting corruption, Armenia is faced with a huge obstacle to overcome. Just this past week, Armenia held local elections nationwide that were deemed free and fair by independent observers. These elections were not without minor irregularities, but the overall impact has been to reaffirm and further strengthen the commitment of the Armenian people to an open election process.